CUP 21 g. 43/63

'TWAS when old DARKER dyed Sirs for ever bleſs his Name,
The Poor he fed,
With daily bread,
Will Foxites do the ſame?
Then a Polling we will go &c. &c.
His Enemies aſſembled a moſt tremendous Clan,
All Pares's blood
With Harry Wood
And Foſter in the Van.
And to Polling they did go, &c.
Like thorough Preſbyterians falſe colors they did bear,
But all their zeal
Could not conceal
Their Legs which yellow were.
And a Polling they did go, &c.
Their trick at length ſucceeded, their man they made with eaſe,
Their project gain'd
No more they feign'd
But Fox drank on ther Knees.
And a Polling they did go, &c.
The time at length is come again and now my honeſt Boys,
If you be true
To antient blue
You'll ſhew them where it lies.
And to Polling you will go, &c.
They now pretend to tell you, they'll hide the ſmother'd embers,
If you agree
(Their ſcheme you ſee)
To ſend their own two Members.
But to Polling we will go, &c.
Thus far we'll meet them fairly old ASHBY they ſhall make,
But Mr. GREY
Muſt needs give way
The next turn we muſt take.
And a Polling we will go, &c.
'Tis true in Monoſyllables no knowledge he did ſhew,
When on the vote
His ſingle note
Was Aye inſtead of No.
And a Polling we we will go, &c.
But ſince that time he has improv'd and ſhewn his *bottom true*,
His conduct now
We muſt allow
Is FAIR and EQUAL too.
And a Polling we will go, &c.
But will you honeſt Leſter Lads your King deſert in need?
And will you ſend
A faſt ſworn friend
To Fox and factions Creed?
Sure a Polling we will go, &c.
MACNAMARA is a Gentleman no Duke nor Lord can ſway,
A friend to PITT
With worth & wit
Have at you Maſter GREY.
For a Polling we will go, &c.
Then never fear theſe GREY GEESE that hiſs in factions train,
For Geeſe they ſay
Are Foxes Prey
And have but little brain,
So a Polling we will go, &c.

£35